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THE MORTE D'ARTHUR;

ITS INFLUENCE

ON THE

SPIRIT AND MANNERS

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BALTIMORE :
TURNBULL BROTHERS.
1872.

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Dedication.

TO MRS. POLK,

WIDOW OF THE RIGHT REV. LEONIDAS POLK,

WHO, WHETHER AS A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS WHEN BISHOP OF LOUISIANA, OR
AS A SOLDIER OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY WHEN LIEUT. GEN. POLK,
O. S. A., EXEMPLIFIED IN HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER THE SPIRIT
OF ANCIENT CHIVALRY AS HANDED DOWN TO US IN THE
MORTE D'ARTHUR, THIS TREATISE ON MODERN CHIV-
ALRY IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED BY ONE
WHO HAS KNOWN AND REVERED HER
FROM YOUTH, IN ADMIRATION OF
HER MANY VIRTUES.

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THE MORTE D'ARTHUR.

Sir Thomas Mallory's Book of King Arthur and his noble Knights of the Round Table. Original edition of Caxton, with an Introduction by Sir Edward Strachy, Bart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

“Poesy is a part of learning: in measure of words for the most part restrained, but in all other points extremely licensed, and doth truly refer to the imagination. . . . The use of this feigned history hath been to give some shadow of satisfaction to the mind of man in those points wherein the nature of things doth deny it, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul; by reason whereof there is agreeable to the spirit of man a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things. Therefore because the acts or events of true history hath not that magnitude which satisfieth the mind of man, poesy feigneth acts and events greater and more heroical; because true history propoundeth the successes and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed providence; because true history representeth actions and events more ordinary and less interchanged, therefore poesy endueth them with more rareness and more unexpected and alternate variations: so as it appeareth that poesy serveth and conferreth to magnanimity, morality, and to delectation.

John G. . . .

“And therefore it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness, because it doth raise and erect the mind by submitting the shows of things to the desire of the mind; whereas reason doth buckle and bow the mind unto the nature of things.”

This analysis of Heroic Poetry which we owe to the acumen of Lord Bacon, gives us the key to the enthusiasm excited by it in the breasts of the most cultivated of nations in all ages and in all stages of development. Our own half-civilised or well-nigh barbarous ancestors forgot for the time their wonted ferocity in listening to the runes and sagas recited to them by their frantic bards and priests; and under their inspiriting influences, fired by the hope of earning the smile of Odin by deeds emulating his valor, they rushed to battle, to victory or death, and died exulting in the right to claim from him an immediate translation to the halls of Walhalla, there to quaff through eternity mead, metheglin, and even blood, from their to us ghastly drinking-cups — the skulls of their enemies.

In Greece, cultivated Greece, the spell cast by Homer upon his own age still rests upon ours; for through the mists of antiquity his gigantic shape looms through space, and throws its heroic shadow upon the poetry of modern times: for —

“Thy laurels, Pelides, had faded in gloom
Had the bard not preserved them immortal in bloom.”

At this very day the deeds of the Trojan heroes are chanted by the Venetian gondolier alternately with those of the deliverers of Jerusalem, and by a harmless anachronism Achilles and Hector mingle with Tancred and Rinaldo in doughty deeds of arms: thus do the united geniuses of Homer and of Tasso stamp themselves upon Time itself.

In the Middle Ages, when the “Gai Science” was the only literary recreation, or rather attainment, of those whose “orna-

ments" were "arms," whose "pastime" war, the troubadours, trouvères, and minnesingers filled a large space in the life of the times; for the divine afflatus, never wholly quenched in the rudest bosoms, fed itself by the recital of those acts of chivalric unselfishness, that devotion to woman, that sacrifice of the strong to the weak, that ardent aspiration for glory, and honor for honor's sake, which constitute the very essence of true heroic poetry. Looking to something better, something beyond themselves, of which they deemed themselves capable, and to which their aspirations all tended, the knights of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, of the Black Prince, of Charlemagne, and of Philip Augustus, turned from their own deeds of to them modern arms — sullied in their eyes by the consciousness of unworthy motives, and actuated by a desire for personal aggrandisement — to a time when in the dim obscurity of the Past knightly fame had lost the blots and blurs, the remembrance even of personality, and stood amidst the myths of antiquity a glorious type of purity and unselfishness: to the time when King Arthur gathered his knights about his "Table Round," and discussed with them in reverential awe "the Quest for the San Graile," in itself the then highest and holiest object of knightly devotion — and if we may be pardoned the seeming anachronism, the noblest, the most unselfish, as it was the first of crusades. For the expeditions undertaken in more modern times, and which were truly crusades, had for their object a tangible earthly reward. Godfrey of Bouillon, and after him Baldwin, Count of Flanders, were not to be spiritual lords alone; they were also to have the temporal ability to reward their successful followers. The dominion of the Holy Land, the earthly power of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, were no mean adjuncts to the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. "The Quest for the San Graile," on the contrary, offered rewards wholly spiritual in their nature: no earthly recompense awaited him who "achieved it."

A scapulaire, a monk's cowl and a rosary, were to be his only visible titles to honor; his sole recompense lay in a shadowy promise of future happiness beyond the grave and a present absolution from all sin.

In itself the San Grail was but a simple dish, according to some a chalice; but into the etymology or the orthography of the word it is useless now to enter, for all agree that it was a golden vessel sanctified by having been blessed by our Saviour at the Last Supper. Whether it held the Paschal lamb, the emblem of His body, or the juice of the vine, the emblem of His blood, it was alike holy. Brought by the piety of Joseph of Arimathea into Britain whilst still containing a portion of his Redeemer's blood, it long miraculously continued a visible token to the faithful of the death and sacrifice of Christ their Lord; but (so the legend runs) in consequence of the sinfulness of mankind, in the lapse of years it disappeared from mortal sight, never again to appear to human vision until it should "be achieved" by a knight "clean of his sins," to whom it should bring all heavenly blessings. This spiritual reward, this "Quest of the San Graile," is the earliest recorded type of knightly unselfishness. It was a search after holiness, for the reward which it alone had to offer, in which purity and unselfishness alone could win the prize. Can the imagination of man conceive of anything more ennobling? Can there be a more exalted object of human ambition than this?

Too utopian perhaps for modern views, it is however the first written evidence of the existence of what we now in our day term Chivalry. What then is this much vexed, this much derided question — this Chivalry? We cannot answer better than in the words of Sir Edward Strachy, and say "that chivalry exists for us in spirit rather than in outward visible forms; that it no longer comes to us with the outward symbols of war-horse and armor, and noble birth, and strength of arm and high-flown

protestations of love and gallantry; yet we never fail to know and feel its presence, silent and unobtrusive as it now is. We recognise the lady and gentleman not less surely now than they did in old times, and we acknowledge their rights and power over us now no less than then."

Chivalry then exists for us now in our *manners*. That is the heritage left us by our forefathers: our *manners*, and through them our *laws*. For to quote a no less able than graceful writer — now, alas! no longer in life to exemplify by his manners what he taught with his pen — Prof. Wilson: "Good manners give a vital efficacy to good laws. These few words comprise the needful constituents of national happiness and prosperity. . . . Good laws without good manners are empty breath." And to what, tell us ye who laugh at and deride modern chivalry — to what one thing do we owe our manners more than to that knightly element of chivalric courtesy implanted in our ancestors by their early legends of King Arthur — that

"Darling of all poesy,
Through whose raised visor beamed the fearless eye —
The limpid mirror of a stately soul,
Bright with young hope, but grave with purpose high,
Sweet to encourage, steadfast to control:
An eye from whence subjected hosts might draw,
As from a double fountain, love and awe"?

Divest the world of chivalry, and what would woman have been without it in the Middle Ages? nay, say what would she now be without that daughter of chivalry — good manners? For to refer again to Prof. Wilson: "Good manners consist in a constant maintenance of self-respect, accompanied by attention and deference to others; in correct language and gentle tones of voice, ease and quietness of movement and action. They repress no gaiety nor animation which keeps free of offence; they divest serious men of an air of severity or pride. In conversation, good manners restrain the vehemence of personal or party feeling; and that versatility which enables people to converse readily with

strangers, and take a passing interest in any subject which may be presented to them"—is, in short, good manners. So that in point of fact that unselfishness practised by the knights of the Round Table in their quest for the San Grail finds its full development in the highest phase of the manners of the nineteenth century. Tracing our modern refinement step by step back to its source, looking from the stream to the fountain-head, we find its first spring in the *Morte d'Arthur*. That exalted legend it was which first fired and then fed the heroic spirit which shone in Charlemagne, in Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in the Black Prince, in Du Guesclin, in Henry the Fifth, and in Philip Augustus, and which they exemplified not only on the battle-fields of Spain, Palestine, France, and England—at Roncesvalles, before Jerusalem, at Cressy, and at Poitiers, but also in their daily lives and conversation—in *their manners*. That same spirit it is which, blazing in the pages of Froissart, has made that delightful chronicle the chosen companion of readers of all ages and all times—from the school-boy who as he reads sighs that those stirring times are forever past, and regrets that he cannot now wield his resistless sword and crash through iron helmets as though they were paper, nor like Gaston de Foix rescue by his own prowess high-born dames from the clutch of the savage Jacquerie—to the old man who as he pores over its half-remembered pages forgets his age in the visions of his youth to which it recalls him, and awakens within him memories which he thought already and forever dead. Good manners! Sneer who will at Chivalry their parent, he would be a rash man who in this day would dare to undervalue the descendant. In the words of Selden, the acute lawyer, the profound thinker of King Charles the Second's day: "Ceremony" (then a synonym for good manners) "keeps up all things. 'Tis like a penny glass to a rich spirit or some excellent water: without it the water were spilt, the spirit lost."

But it is not in the courtesies of the drawing-room, "with compliments and addresses, with legs and kissing of hands," nor even in the amenities of daily life, important as they are, that Chivalry stands forth in her brightest garb. It has flashed through the "ranks of war" from Arthur to Lee, softening the asperities of bloodshed, and depriving even carnage of some of its horrors; and that General has ever written his name highest on the roll of honor who most regarded its benign influence. Let the thoughtless jest as they will at what they sneeringly term the "Chivalry of the South," let the records of the war which so recently convulsed this country speak and say whose record will stand highest in the eyes of future generations, that of the Northern or that of the Southern Generals? Where was the spirit of ancient chivalry best shown: in the march of Lee through Pennsylvania, or in that of Sherman through Georgia and the Carolinas? Whose track was watered by fewest tears? Whose manhood was oftenest interposed to protect woman, to shield her from the horrors incident to war? — and such a war! Who bears the best title to the "grand old name of gentleman," Robert E. Lee or William Sherman? Let the civilised world, let the descendants of those whose types were Arthur and his Knights, Charlemagne and his Paladins, the gentlemen of England and France, decide. Whom would they readiest welcome to their ranks? to whom would they accord the heartiest friendship? To General Grant and General Sherman, or to General Lee and General Johnston? Henry the Fourth at Ivry exhorting his troops to —

"Press where ye see my white plume wave amidst the ranks
of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Narvarre" —

showed the same spirit which animated General Lee at the battle of the Wilderness, when, seeing the enemy come sweeping down in a triumphant line over the remains of two divisions of

his army, he suddenly placed himself at the head of a single regiment, a Texan one, and ordered it to "Follow me! Charge!" seemingly into the very jaws of death! Nor were those sun-burned and war-worn veterans one step behind either leader in the race of honor, when, seeing their General deaf alike to the remonstrances of Longstreet and of his staff, they came to a sudden halt, and said with a calm determination whose power even General Lee himself was forced to acknowledge: "Retire! Do you go back, and let us go forward! This is no place for you. Retire, or we remain where we are!" Think you that the soldier's heart throughout the world does not beat in unison with both commander and men, as the one, yielding in part to their touching solicitude, checked his bridle-rein and stood, whilst the other, fired by the thought that the eye of their leader was upon them, rushed with triumphant shouts through a tempest of bullets, and with a fury which nothing could withstand, snatched the wavering victory from the grasp of their too confident antagonists!

This is chivalry in action. Hackneyed as the word may be, its reality strikes a chord in the heart of a gentleman which thrills to no other influence, touch it what may. "*Noblesse oblige*"—that obligation, *subjection* rather, which a gentleman acknowledges to his own innate nobility, is the strongest which can sway him. "Sir Galahalt the haut Prince" recognised that knightly principle when, after having had the "misfortune" to strike off the head of the horse of his opponent Sir Palamides "by a foul blow, he alighted down from off his own horse, and prayed the good knight Sir Palamides to take that horse of his gift and to forgive him that deed"; and in accepting the atonement and apology Sir Palamides showed himself no whit behind his princely antagonist. "'Sir,' said he, 'I thank you of your great goodness; for ever of a man of worship a knight shall never have dis-worship.' And so

he mounted upon that horse, and the haut Prince had another anon."

"For ever of a man of worship a knight shall never have dis-worship!" Can one who carries that motto into his daily life and lives up to its spirit, ever forget the courtesies, the refinements of manner due others from himself, especially towards those weaker—to a woman, a child, or to a wounded or conquered adversary? That tyranny exercised by the weak over the strong is to the noble mind a tyranny more oppressive than that of power or of place; sterner and more abiding, because its spring exists in himself, and in himself he finds his strictest judge, his severest tribunal. He can never shake it off; never even forget it. Can a Rohan worthy of his name and lineage forget his proud motto: "Rois ne puis, Prince ne daigne, Rohan je suis"? "*Rohan je suis!*"—and being "Rohan," nothing unworthy of Rohan shall ever sully the inward consciousness, innate and born with me, that I am "Rohan"—*a man of honor!* Personal honor!—it is a golden thread which can be traced through the woof of Time, back, back to King Arthur's days. It is a heritage left us by the Knights of the Round Table. Cherish we then the memory of those who, dying, left behind them so glorious a legacy—the heritage of Honor.

The trust shown by "the faire Igraine" in the sense of justice and in the gallantry of her age—in its public opinion, so to speak—when "she spake and said: 'I am a woman and I may not fight; but rather than I should be dishonored there would be some good man take up my quarrel,'" is worthy of the brightest days of later romance and chivalry, when the champion of female honor adventured his body in her behalf against all comers, and stood ready at all times to prove her truth and purity, on horse or on foot, with the lance or with the sword. Think you that now in this nineteenth century a woman unjustly

aspersed as was the "faire Igraine" could in one of our great cities so confidently rely as did Igraine upon the protection, the justice, the chivalry of her countrymen? Could she command a champion from the ranks of trade and commerce? Would the calculating nicety of modern civilisation start forth armed in her behalf? Or should she not rather turn to an earlier time? — to a time ere the barbaric virtues of justice, magnanimity and gallantry are extinguished by daily jousts in the Stock Exchange, quenched by the fluctuation in the gold market?

Courage, courtesy, mercy to a fallen foe, tenderness for the weak, reverence for woman, and a high sense of personal honor, run through every page of this grand old legend, so that at times we can say of it as did Sir Philip Sydney of the ballad of *Chevy Chase*: "It stirreth the blood like the sound of a trumpet." They all speak in the address of the four knights to Sir Gawaine after his discreditable encounter with the knight who owned the White Hart, refusing him mercy when he was vanquished, and by a "misadventure" "smiting off the head of his Ladye." "Thou new-made knight, thou hast shamed thy knighthood! — for a knight without mercy is dishonored. Also thou hast slain a faire ladye, to thy great shame to the world's end."

The charge given by King Arthur himself to his Knights of the Round Table when he "stablished them": "Never to do outrage nor murder, and always to fly treason: also by no means to be cruel, but to give mercy unto him that asketh mercy, upon pain of their forfeiture of their worship and lordship from King Arthur forevermore: and always to do ladies, damselles, and gentlewomen succor, upon pain of death: also that no man take no battles in a wrongful quarrel, for no law nor for world's goods" — is one which in spite of the advancing civilisation of the present century could have been given to advantage and practised with credit by both officers and men of "the best army of the best

Government under the sun" during the late war. Compare the "Orders" issued by Generals Grant, Sherman, Hunter, or Butler, to their troops, and see how far these exemplars of the age, these heroes of enlightenment, these types of modern refinement, fall below the standard of Christianity and knightly honor, nay of "good manners," set up for themselves by these soldiers of what they in their modern wisdom deem a rude if not a barbarous age. What would King Arthur have said had one of his knights acted in the spirit of the famous "ORDER No. 28" issued by Major-General Butler, U. S. A., against the women of New Orleans? We will give it *in extenso*, as antithesis to that quoted above which he gave to his knights as the basis of their conduct and action:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF, }
 "*New Orleans, May 15, 1862.* }

"GENERAL ORDER No. 28.

"As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subjected to repeated insults from the women calling themselves ladies of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part—it is ordered that hereafter when any female shall by word, gesture or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her vocation.

"By command of *Major-General BUTLER, U. S. A.*
 "GEORGE V. STRONG, *A. A. G.*"

For daring to utter a protest against this infamous "Order"—a protest made in his official character as "Mayor of New Orleans," and therefore the protector of these "females" against whom the order was issued, and couched in terms at once respectful, manly, and independent—John T. Munro, Mayor of New Orleans, was arrested and imprisoned at Fort Jackson, and kept for months, yes for more than a year, in a confinement so rigorous that when at length released it was with health so much shattered that he

never recovered from the effects of General Butler's malignity. Remember that he was "a vanquished enemy." We quote the closing paragraph only of his noble protest for which he was visited with so unchivalric a treatment:—

"To give a license to the officers and soldiers of your command to commit outrages such as are indicated in your Order, upon defenceless women, is in my judgment a reproach to the civilisation, not to say to the Christianity of the age, in whose name I make this protest.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN T. MONRO, *Mayor*."

It may be thought that some courage, something of what the English call "pluck," was needed thus to attack the women of a large city collectively, even though with Queen Igraine "being women" "they may not fight," yet rather than the whole sex "be dishonored" "some good man may be found to take up their quarrel"; and when one has the nerve thus to throw down the gauntlet to the men of a whole city by insulting their mothers, wives, daughters, sisters, and sweethearts, we might look for something generous beyond it. But we look in vain when we seek it in Major-General Butler, U. S. A., for we shortly find him wreaking in his public capacity as commander of the forces of the United States, upon a single defenceless woman, Mrs. Phillips, the fancied social slights given Mrs. Butler and himself years before in the city of Washington in his private character when a member of Congress. Against her did he issue perhaps the most singular "Special Order," that of "No. 150," which ever disgraced the annals of war. In it, for "laughing" on the "balcony" of her own house as the funeral procession of Lieut. De Kay passed, she is ordered not to be "treated as a common woman of whom no officer or soldier is bound to take notice, but as an uncommon bad and dangerous woman, stirring up strife and inciting to riot":

she is "therefore" (for "laughing" on her own "balcony") ordered to be imprisoned on "Ship Island, in the State of Mississippi, till further orders; and that she be allowed one female servant and no more, if she so choose; that one of the houses for hospital purposes be assigned her as quarters, and a soldier's ration each day be served out to her, with the means of cooking the same; and that no verbal or written communication, except through this office, be allowed her; and that she be kept in close confinement until removed to Ship Island."

Finding, perhaps, that this special, this uncommon bad and dangerous woman was not sufficiently subdued by this treatment this representative man (for such we suppose we may consider him) takes a further step in singularity and brutality; for, having for the offence of "exhibiting a human skeleton in his book-store window," "labelled Chickahominy," condemned one Fidel Kellar "to be confined to Ship Island for two years at hard labor," he drags Mrs. Phillips again into court by ordering "that he be allowed to communicate with no person on the Island except Mrs. Phillips, who has been sent there for a like offence"; and not to miss an additional insult, he magnanimously goes on: "Upon this Order being read to him, the said Kellar requested that so much of it as associated him with 'that woman' might be recalled; which request was therefore reduced to writing by him as follows:—

"NEW ORLEANS, *June 30, 1862.*

"Mr. Kellar desires that that part of the sentence which refers to the communication with Mrs. Phillips be stricken out, as he does not wish to have any communication with the said Mrs. Phillips.

(Signed) "F. KELLAR.

"Witness D. WATERS."

"Said request seeming to the Commanding General to be reasonable, so much of said Order is revoked, and the remainder will be executed.

"MAJ.-GEN. BUTLER, U. S. A.

"R. S. DAVIS, *Capt. & A. A. A. G.*"

And to this piece of infinitesimal pettiness and malice, Major-General Butler, U. S. A., was not ashamed to put his hand and official seal. What think we of thus invoking the whole power of a nation to punish one defenceless woman for "laughing on her balcony," and then "answering the Commanding General on being questioned if this fact were so, contemptuously, by replying 'I was in good spirits that day' "?

Call the roll of the ranks of Chivalry! What would King Arthur, Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, Sir Tristram, Charlemagne, Harold, Richard, Edward the Third, the Black Prince, Du Guesclin, nay what would the "brewers" of England say to such un-knightly, such unchivalric conduct? Ask General Haynau of the Austrian service for the lesson he received in the treatment of woman at the hands of Barclay and Perkins' stalwart English brewers. The sentiments of the Southern people in regard to this treatment of their women were well expressed by their exemplar, President Davis, in a proclamation dated at Richmond, December 23d, 1862, wherein he enumerates it amongst the other "hostilities waged against this Confederacy by the forces of the United States under command of the said B. F. Butler," which "have borne no resemblance to such warfare as is alone permissible by the rules of international law or the usages of civilisation," and in consequence pronounces and declares "the said B. F. Butler to be a felon, deserving of capital punishment," and orders "that he be no longer treated simply as a public enemy of the Confederate States of America, but as an outlaw or common enemy of mankind," and that "in the event of his capture, the officer in command of the capturing force do cause him to be immediately executed by hanging," and winds up by declaring "that all commissioned officers under his command" are "not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but as robbers and criminals, deserving death"; but in the spirit of

true chivalry, the chivalry of Henri Quatre, excepting the "private soldiers and non-commissioned officers," considering them "as only the instruments used for the commission of the crimes perpetrated by his orders, and not as free agents, and that they therefore be treated when captured as prisoners of war, with kindness and humanity," &c. The loathing felt by a magnanimous nation for such an opponent as Major-General Butler was well expressed in some lines addressed to him, and published, we believe, in one of the Charleston papers during the winter of 1863:—

"TO MAJ.-GEN. BUTLER, U. S. A.

*"Upon hearing that he had caused the coffin containing the remains of
GENERAL A. S. JOHNSTON, C. S. A., to be opened.*

"Yes! gaze upon the dead hero's face which, living, dastard-like ye
feared!

Tear from that noble brow its cov'ring, and read, if thou canst, the
record written there!

Read if thou canst! Thy guilty frame, steeped to the lips in infamy,
Thy craven heart, thy grov'ling soul, nor reads, nor understands
A patriot's faith, pure as unblemished crystal; a warrior's soul,
Firm as twice-hardened adamant — exalted, pure, untarnished!

He died as heroes like to die, amidst victorious shouts.
This was his earthly fetter: calm and serene it lies in its stern
dignity.

To mock thy senseless rage, thou warrior on the dead!

"Yet fear thee! for the blood doth burst forth from the insensate
corpse.

Tremble! his body calls for vengeance! From Mumford's bloody
grave,

Hark, how the cry re-echoes! List, how New Orleans, crushed by
thy despot heel,

In one long, lingering gasp sobs out her wrongs!

From every street, from every hearth the cry goes up against thee!
Insulted womanhood raises her pure front, and unabashed calls on
the world for vengeance.

Eugenia's* tears fall on her country's heart; and for every one,
base tyrant,

Her countrymen demand of thee a stern revenge! revenge!!

"And they shall have it! Pressed to their lips, to thee they drain
an overflowing cup.

Already does thy hated name urge on the fearful carnage.

Remember Butler! and New Orleans! Strike for our women!
strike! Remember Butler!

Is the cry that on Virginia's fields maddens the Southern blood.
Remember Butler! and at the shout down goes the Northern
ranks, thy countrymen,

* Mrs. Phillips.

Thou tyrant! e'en as the ripened grain falls in the mower's vacant
 swathe!
 Remember Butler! Aye! thou blot upon thy country's scutcheon!
 Aye!
 Remember Butler! — it shall be a war-cry to humanity.
 Remember Butler and New Orleans! Aye! the world remembers
 Him who wars on *woman*, and the dead!"

William of Wickham's famous motto tells us that "manners maketh man." How can we then, after this view of Major-General Butler, over-estimate chivalry, which, as we have seen, maketh manners, and thus distinguishes a Christian gentleman from a brutish beast?

The comment of the French Marechal Pelissier on the celebrated charge of the English at Balaclava, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre," by its direct announcement that war is a distinct thing from carnage, from mere wanton bloodshed, recognises the chivalric element which pervades all Christian warfare. Brave, courageous, "magnifique" though it was to see the "gallant six hundred" ride open-eyed into the "valley of death," still it was not *war*, was not scientific, legitimate *Christian warfare*. Differing from the immortal stand at Thermopylæ, where Leonidas and his "gallant" three hundred confronted and drove back the whole army of Persia, purchasing the freedom of their country by the sacrifice of their lives, this disastrous charge was useless butchery — butchery without the semblance of an object. Looking at it as we now do in the calm light of reason, robbed by time as it now is of the glare of enthusiasm, freed from the smoke of battle, we can but admire the courage, the perfect discipline of the men, representatives of the best blood of England, riding as they did to certain death because it was "orders." As to the officer who issued the order, we can but exclaim with Oliver Cromwell on a somewhat similar but far less disastrous occasion, "Good lack! good lack!"

Chivalry prevents ennobling thoughts from taking their flight, even though —

"Men change swords for ledgers,
The student's bower for gold"—

and thus arrests degeneracy, that great bugbear of the modern political economist. Cherish a chivalric spirit in an army, and the brightness of its military glory will be preserved, and with impunity you may adopt the suggestion of that apostle of Abolitionism and of modern Free Thought — Channing — and "clothe it in a hangman's garb instead of a uniform." Its chivalry will speedily convert that garb into a robe of honor, will invest it in an heroic element, and will end by glorying in what was weakly meant to debase it. Witness how the Hollanders exulted in the title of opprobrium, "Les Gueux," conferred on them in scorn by their Spanish opponents. "The Beggars" have written their name indelibly on the brightest page of modern history.

Chivalry would never confound military spoliation with modern "bumming," would never boast with Major-General Hunter, U. S. A., of having desolated a country so entirely "that a crow flying over it would have to carry his own rations," which was his facetious manner of announcing the ruin he had wrought and the suffering he left behind him in the Valley of Virginia. Chivalry could never have answered a woman as did he — Major-General Hunter, U. S. A. — Mrs. Lewis of Greenbriar County, Va., when, after having threatened to burn all the property, her own residence included, within five miles of the Sweet Springs, where his army had been resisted, or in his own elegant language "bushwhacked," he replied to her query of "General Hunter, are you in earnest in saying that you intend that women and children are to be made to suffer such a calamity in addition to all besides that are the natural consequences of war?" "*Madam, I do intend that the women shall suffer!*" I organised this raid for that especial purpose. The women of the South are the fiends that have kept up this war; they have thrust their fathers, husbands, and brothers

into the Rebel army, and have endured everything that could incite the men to go on with the war; and I intend to crush the proud rebellious spirit of you Virginians. I am coming back to burn your grain-fields, to make a desert of the 'Pride of the Earth,' to desolate your country, and to *starve* — yes, to starve women and children, but what they shall come back to their lawful Government, the best Government in the world." Had Major-General Hunter, U. S. A., never been taught in his youth to admire the Spartan mother who, on arming her son for battle, said as she gave him his shield, "With this, or upon it"? Did Chivalry speak through the mouth of Major-General Grant, U. S. A., when on her application to him for a pass through his lines to Richmond, where were her two sons, he advised another Virginia woman, and she a widow, to remain where she was: "for, Madam," he said, "when I get to Richmond, women's persons will not be safe"?

Did Chivalry choose Gen. Warren, U. S. A., as her representative when he encamped near Bethesda Church, Hanover County, Va., and answered an appeal from Mrs. William Currie, who, driven from her house by his soldiers, robbed of every mouthful of food and every article of clothing she had for herself and her children, houseless, starving, and helplessly enclosed in his lines, presented herself in person at his headquarters, and begged for food for her suffering children on the sole ground that his soldiers had deprived her of everything she possessed? "Madam," said the heroic commander of the Fifth Army Corps, "we read in history that the women of Jerusalem ate their own babes during the siege of that city: you may have to come to that yet." But he magnanimously added, "I hope not."

Would Chivalry, or even her daughter "Good Manners," first take forcible possession of a lady's residence, and then on leaving it, pack with her own military hands, as did Maj.-Gen. Blair,

U. S. A., the exquisite china found in the closets of Mrs. Peter Hale, of Fayetteville, North Carolina—she being, too, the daughter of his own and of his father's political compeer, with whom he had long associated in social equality—Senator Badger of North Carolina?

Did Chivalry ride side by side with Sherman in his famous "march to the sea"? and if so, what thought she of scenes such as this? We quote from the pen of one who accompanied him, and who thus confides to the *New York Express* his "realisation of the horrors of war":—

"I strolled up a winding ravine between two ranges of hills, when a considerable distance from camp I came upon about twenty women, girls and children, huddled together, partakers of each other's wretchedness, among the hills in a state of starvation. Close by was a rude newly-made grave, where one of their number had been laid in the ground, who they said starved to death. Such a group of misery I never saw before. No couch but the ground, no shelter but the pitiless sky, and not a morsel of food. I turned from the scene sick at heart that I could do nothing for them, and to think that their lawful protectors were just across the hills engaged in battle! Leaving the spot, I saw a woman hurrying across the field wringing her hands in a state of despair bordering on madness."

Did Chivalry light the torch which burned Columbia after its surrender? Can her "line of march be traced"—to quote Gen. Hampton's (C. S. A.) manly and soldierly letter to Gen. Sherman, dated Feb. 27, 1865—"by the lurid light of burning houses"? and does she leave "in more houses than one an agony far more bitter than that of death"?

Did Chivalry assist Maj.-Gen. Sherman in packing the iron-bound chests, six or eight in number, which citizens of Raleigh, North Carolina, saw shipped on board the cars at that place for

New York *via* Newbern, and which were openly spoken of by his subordinates as containing the lion's share of plunder surrendered to him as head-bummer by his bumming jackals? Let it be recorded here, however, as a bit of secret history, that the indignant Genius of North Carolina snatched these precious chests as they passed her storm-wrapt coast, and buried them deep in the bosom of the sea off her gloomy Cape of Hatteras. This in a measure explains the "singular" lack of Southern trophies which is said by his political admirers to exist in the household of the *exemplary and honest* Major-General.

Did Chivalry guide his pen when he wrote his infamous "Expatriation Order No. 67," declaring that "the city of Atlanta, being exclusively needed for warlike purposes, will be at once vacated by all but the armies of the United States;" and then goes on to order that "the Chief Quarter-Master, Col. Easter, will at once take possession of buildings of all kinds, and of all staple articles, cotton, tobacco, etc.," by which the whole population of a city was without warning, "*at once*," in his own emphatic words, turned out without shelter, and driven incontinently beyond his lines? Does Chivalry, or even mere honesty, define "staple articles, etc.," to mean property and household stuff of all descriptions?

Did he invoke Chivalry to be the escort of those four hundred helpless girls whom he found pursuing their vocation in a factory in Roswell, Georgia, and whom he ordered in a body to be transported "north of the Ohio," and there left penniless and unprotected to starve amongst a strange and hostile people?

Was Chivalry the aide-de-camp of Pope, of Steinwehr, of Milroy, of Sturgis, of Kautz, of Averill, of Sheridan, of Kilpatrick, of Dahlgren, and of a host of others whose atrocities have stamped their names in thousands of Southern households, where they will live a memory of horror whilst the South is a people?

Does Chivalry steal spoons, books, bonds, furs, and jewelry, with Generals Custar and Wilson? Does she with the latter appropriate communion-chalices for drinking-cups? Ask the congregation of St. John's Church, Cumberland Parish, Lunenburg County, Virginia, if they think such desecration chivalric.

Does Chivalry not only read but also publish to a curious world the private letters and papers of families, stolen, captured, or confiscated (we know not which word to use) from private houses, as was done in numerous instances by numerous Northern Generals during the late war; and *vide* especially Gen. Lee's letters to his son Custis Lee, taken from Arlington, and Gen. Polk's letters to his daughter, Mrs. Huger, taken from Mrs. Polk's intercepted and rifled baggage?

Does Chivalry systematically refuse an exchange of prisoners? Does she, in the expressed hope that they would perish by thousands under the treatment, consign her prisoners of war to loathsome barracks or unwholesome dungeons, feed them on insufficient food, and then glory in the success of her infamous conduct? Does she wilfully close her eyes and ears to the sufferings and complaints of her own unfortunate soldiers, left by the fortune of war in the hands of her opponents, knowing that on them must perforce fall an equal portion of that want, nay, of that *starvation*, with which it was her settled, determined, and openly expressed policy to subdue her enemy, a brave and determined people, whom she was confessedly unable otherwise to conquer? Does she in answer to their cries for help at her hands, deliberately tell them that she can "afford" to sacrifice them; that they weaken her enemy by the necessity he is under of guarding and maintaining them?

Does she make medicines "contraband of war"?—and does she then wink at the passage through her lines of poisoned drugs, destined to spread death wholesale throughout a nation?

Does she employ such instruments as Colonel Miles? Did the Black Prince consign to the tender mercies of such as he, his captured foe, John of France? Would Chivalry wring the heart of a great nation by a futile effort to debase it, by treating with indignity, nay, actually torturing its head, its exemplar, when in her power, as the Federal Government did to President Davis? Did the Yankee Nation universally forget that "forever of a man of worship a knight shall never have dis-worship" in the petty attempt to cast ridicule upon President Davis, and through him upon the Southern people, by deliberately and persistently misrepresenting the incidents and details of his capture? Would Chivalry have been thus unmindful of what was due to herself?

Again and again do we ask ourselves, in reading the record of the past few years: Has a sense of honor indeed left the earth? is chivalry indeed dead? is this modern warfare? And has mankind, in the over-refinement, the civilisation of the present day, entirely forgotten the rude virtues of their less polished ancestry? Hard questions to put; but thanks to the stern integrity of the pure Anglo-Saxon blood, not difficult to answer. In this very Southern country, years before Major-General Sherman woke its people to a realisation of what war, war without chivalry and without mercy, was, an invading army marched through its very midst, almost in the very track afterwards followed by him. This army was however commanded by a gentleman, who, though loyal to the heart's core to a Government for whose fancied rights he was contending, never for one instant forgot the claims of humanity, of Christianity, of honor, and of chivalry — Lord Cornwallis. Turn to the unstained pages of his "Order Book," and ere closing it with a sigh at the mistakes of a past generation, contrast it with that of his successor, General Sherman:

"CAMP NEAR BEATTIE'S FORD, }
"Jan. 28, 1781. }

" It is needless to point out to the officers the necessity of preserving the strictest discipline, and of preventing the oppressed people from suffering violence by the hands from whom they are taught to look for protection."

"HEADQUARTERS NEAR CAUSLER'S PLANTATION, }
"Feb. 2, 1781. }

"Lord Cornwallis is highly displeased that several houses have been set on fire during the march—a disgrace to the army! And he will punish with the utmost severity any person or persons who shall be found guilty of committing so disgraceful an outrage. His Lordship requests the commanding officers that they will endeavor to find the persons who set fire to the houses this day."

"HEADQUARTERS, DOBBIN'S HOUSE, }
"Feb. 17, 1781. }

"Lord Cornwallis is very sorry to be obliged to call the attention of the officers of the army to the repeated orders against plundering; and he assures the officers that if their duty to their King and country, and their feeling for humanity, are not sufficient to enforce their obedience to them, he must, however reluctantly, make use of such power as the military laws have placed in his hands.

" . . . Any officer who looks on with indifference and does not do his utmost to prevent shameful marauding, will be considered in a more criminal light than the persons who commit these scandalous crimes, which must bring disgrace and ruin on his Majesty's service. All foraging parties will give receipts for the supplies taken by them."

"CAMP SMITH'S PLANTATION, }
"March 1, 1781. }

" Notwithstanding every order, every entreaty that Lord Cornwallis has given to the army to prevent the shameful practice of plundering and distressing the country, and these orders backed by every effort that can have been made by Brig-

General O'Hara, he is shocked to find that this evil still prevails, and ashamed to observe that the frequent complaints he receives from Head-Quarters of the irregularity of the *Guards* particularly, affect the credit of that corps. He therefore calls upon the officers, non-commissioned officers, and those men who are yet possessed of the feelings of humanity, and actuated by the principles of true soldiers, the love of their country, the good of the service, and the honor of their own corps, to assist with the same indefatigable diligence the General himself is determined to persevere in, in order to detect and punish all men and women so offending with the utmost severity of example."

Such was the conduct of the English commander during the Revolutionary War towards those whom he deemed rebels to their king and traitors to their country. Eager as he was "to crush out the rebellion,"—for success to him meant honor, distinction, and happiness, *domestic happiness*,* Lord Cornwallis remembered that he was a gentleman as well as a soldier. "*Noblesse oblige*" still governed him; and even had he for one moment forgotten it, the consciousness that he was amenable to a nation whose public opinion was guided by gentlemen, would have been a stern reminder. His efforts to make this noble sentiment also the governing principle of his men were constant and unremitting. When the head of an army is thus actuated, the rank and file will not fall far behind him, and the effect of his example and discipline will soon show itself in their conduct.

Float we now down the stream of time again to the present day—yes, into the very camp of the so-called "Southern Rebels" when in Pennsylvania; and see what the *London Times*, which should be an impartial witness, says of the manner in which they "carry on war":—

"The greatest surprise has been expressed to me by officers from the Austrian, Prussian, and English armies, each of which

* Lady Cornwallis died of a broken heart in consequence of his Lordship's prolonged absence in the Colonies, while in command of the British army.

has now a representative here — one of them, the Prussian, quasi-official; the other two private individuals travelling for their own pleasure — that volunteer troops, provoked by nearly twenty-seven months of unparalleled ruthlessness and wantonness of which their country has been the scene, should be under such control, and willing to act in harmony with the long-suffering and forbearance of President Davis and General Lee. Individual cases of atrocity of course there have been, likely, if got hold of by the Northern press, to point many an argument from singular to universal, and to be represented as the invariable rule of action for the Rebel army. . . . But with these exceptions" (all of which were severely punished by Gen. Lee, one with death to the perpetrator) "the damage done to Pennsylvania consists in the seizure of many horses, cattle, stores, wagons, and much forage, in exchange for which Confederate money has been paid, or if preferred, receipts have been given in the name of the Confederate Government. Not a barn has been burned, not a shed destroyed. Upon each side of the execrable road which leads from Chambersburg to Hagerstown, a broad track as wide as Regent Street has been trodden down by the onward line of horse and foot; beyond this damage there has been none save such as is comprised in the plucking of a few cherries from the abundant cherry-trees which grow wild in this latitude, and the occasional larceny of a few chickens. To-day a spectacle was witnessed the like of which in my belief has never been exhibited by any great captain during the last one hundred years. Gen. Lee wandered away a few yards from his quarters, and observed a rail-fence girding a field of which a few rails had been pulled down and a gap into the field opened. With his own hands and unassisted he commenced repairing the fence, until at last Dr. Cullen of Longstreet's staff came to his assistance, and together they made good the damage. I am told that whenever he has ob-

served them he has either personally or through his staff ordered the Rebel blackbirds to desist from pilfering the cherry-trees."

Next read the official report of their enemy himself as to the conduct of the Southern army when on his soil; he at least cannot be suspected of viewing with favorable eyes those whom he also arrogantly terms "Rebels," and who were then in actual possession of and invading his territory. We quote from a New York paper:—

"Col. McClure, the Federal officer commanding at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, [militia, we suppose, and with his military character in abeyance, for how could he otherwise have been able to make an "official" report?] in his official report to his Government, says he was accosted by the officer commanding the advance of the Southern troops, who 'assured me that he would scrupulously protect citizens, and would allow no soldier to enter public or private houses, unless under command of an officer upon legitimate business. . . . A subordinate officer had begged of me a little bread for himself and a few more, and he was supplied in the kitchen. He was followed by others in turn until nearly a hundred had been supplied with something to eat or drink. All, however, politely asked permission to enter the house. . . . Communication having been opened between us, squads followed each other closely for water, but each called and asked permission before getting it, and promptly left the yard. I was somewhat surprised at this uniform courtesy. About one o'clock half-a-dozen officers came to the door and asked to have some coffee made for them, offering to pay liberally for it in Confederate scrip. After concluding a treaty with them on behalf of the colored servants, coffee was promised them, and they asked for a little bread with it. They were wet and shivering, and seeing a bright open wood-fire in the library, they asked permission to enter and warm themselves until their coffee should be ready,

assuring me that under no circumstances should anything in the house be touched by their men.' ”

This certainly seems a rather singular “Official Report,” but “Colonel McClure commanding ” must settle that point with the Northern press generally, who most of them published it over his official signature. The extract above was clipped from a New York paper.

We now turn to the New York *Herald* — no friendly sheet to the South certainly — and under the head of “The Rebel Levy at Shiremanstown,” read a dispatch dated “Shiremanstown, Penn., July 1st, 1863,” from which we learn that “the enemy did no particular damage here; they only made a levy for something to eat”; and from another dated “Mechanicsburg, Pa., July 1st, 1863,” that “the enemy agreeably disappointed the people here by his actions. General Jenkins preserved the best of order in town. . . . The Rebels did not carry off the large amount of stores in warehouses here, and did no particular damage about town.”

Go we next into Head-Quarters — into the head-quarters of that soul of honor, that prince of gentlemen, General Robert E. Lee, C. S. A., than whom

“Warrior gentler, nobler, braver,
Never shall behold the light” —

and read what he issued in his official capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the army of the Southern Confederacy, in his “General Order No. 73,” for the government of his troops when in an enemy’s country. We quote the order from the columns of the same Northern journal, the New York *Herald*, which is thus made to bear, we hope, a not unwilling testimony to the magnanimity, the Christianity, the chivalry of the opponents of its country and Government:—

“HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
“Chambersburg, Pa., June 27th, 1863. }

“GENERAL ORDER No. 73.

“The Commanding General has observed with marked satisfac-

tion the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested.

"No troops could have displayed greater fortitude, or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days.

"Their conduct in other respects has with few exceptions been in keeping with their character as soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise.

"There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of this army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilisation and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of the enemy than in our own.

"The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the unarmed and defenceless, and the wanton destruction of private property, that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country.

"Such proceedings not only degrade the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our present movement.

"It must be remembered that we make war only upon armed men, and that we cannot take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemies, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth, without whose favor and support our efforts must all prove in vain.

"The Commanding General therefore earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

"R. E. LEE, *General*."

Has not *that* the ring of true Christian chivalry—the chivalry of King Arthur's days? Does not General Robert E. Lee's charge

to his troops breathe the same spirit as that famous one given by King Arthur to his Knights of the Round Table when he "stablished them"? And can we not quote for him the poet's exquisite farewell to the peerless Knights, and say with truth —

" Kind in manner, fair in favor,
Mild in temper, fierce in fight ;
Warrior gentler, nobler, braver,
Never shall behold the light." ?

Run we now the famous blockade, or should we prefer it, let us "run the gauntlet" at Fortress Monroe — and by what is known in bitter irony as the "Flag of Truce," let us penetrate into the very heart of the city of Richmond itself, into the Cabinet of President Davis, the civil head of the Southern Confederacy. View him in what light we may, he now appears "a vast Caryatides upholding the age." His moderation, his humanity, his long-suffering, the firmness with which he resisted the advice of his Cabinet, the known wishes and even the appeals of a part of his nation to *retaliate*, cannot be too much dwelt upon. The San Grail of Christian magnanimity and moderation which he steadily set before himself, and to which it was his constant endeavor to direct the eyes both of his army and his nation, was in its nature and essence that of ancient chivalry. His proclamations, whilst with a clarion voice they incite his people to a brave resistance to their oppressors, to a steadfast endurance, an heroic fortitude under their reverses and misfortunes, breathe also a noble forbearance, a Christian kindliness, a chivalric courtesy towards their enemies. He felt that his was the hand to control rather than to excite men's passions ; that to him was confided the name, the fame, the honor of a great nation. And nobly, chivalrously, did he redeem that confidence. To him as their exponent, their exemplar, their head, is owing not only the stainless scutcheon brought by the Southern army out of the late war, but also the deathless record of courage and fortitude which as a nation the Southern people

have earned for themselves. His soul contained the essence of chivalry, and that essence he had the rare gift of imparting to those around him. "*Deo Vindice!*"—that noble motto which the Southern people gave to the world as their own, was his ruling principle, and deeply did he succeed in stamping it on the hearts of his countrymen.

We can go on with our proofs that Chivalry is not yet dead, that reverence for woman has not entirely departed from the breast of man, has not been entirely dethroned by a reverence for that thing called *Capital*, money for money's sake, by a reference to the conduct of numerous Southern Generals during the late war, particularly that of Generals Jackson and Van Dorn, and recall how they passed through their lines at Winchester, Va., and at Holly Springs, Miss., car-load after car-load of baggage untouched and unexamined, although they well knew that it contained the plunder stolen, captured, taken or confiscated from their unfortunate compatriots — dresses, jewelry, linen, books, plate, furniture, and what not — because it bore the to them sacred name of woman, was inscribed with the names of Mrs. Milroy and Mrs. Grant, the wives of the commanding Generals to whom they were opposed. And both, when urged by the victims of female rapacity to retain and to return to the rightful owners the ill-gotten spoil, refused, saying as by one voice that they "made no war upon woman; that the Confederate Government had naught to do with Mrs. Milroy's and Mrs. Grant's baggage, acquire it how they might."

Nor was the chivalric principle confined to individuals alone. Contrast the conduct of the State of South Carolina when amidst the jests and jeers of almost the whole civilised world she calmly resumed her own sovereignty, and undaunted by its power, deliberately threw down the gauntlet at the feet of the General Government, and demanded from it the sovereignty of her own forts,

with that of her arrogant antagonist. With an air of lofty superiority humoring her, as it were, it condescended to treat with her, and bound itself through its Commissioners to make no attempt to reinforce or to aid in any way that misguided commander, Major Anderson, without due notice having been given. And yet on that very day (such is the truth of history) it was determined in Council to issue orders to fit out "The Star of the West," and secretly and with all expedition to reinforce and victual Fort Sumter. The gun that broke the stillness of that peaceful January morning, and which drove back the ill-omened vessel whence she came, baffled and disappointed in her treacherous designs — that gun sounded the knell of the already broken Union. Yet South Carolina's chivalry did not even then desert her. Remembering that "forever of a man of worship a knight shall never have dis-worship," she acted on that knightly principle. With the ability to crush Major Anderson at any moment did she so please, she calmly stood aloof, holding him as it were in the palm of her hand. She gave him the freedom of her mails and of her markets; the one he received untampered with, and in the other he had the same liberty to purvey as that enjoyed by her own citizens. "He asked for water and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish": but unlike the Hebrew Amazon of old, she neither "put her hand to the nail nor her right hand to the workman's hammer." She would rather work on his magnanimity, his honor, his chivalry, by the spontaneous display of her own knightly virtues. Ask the "Swamp Angel"—that gun upon which every appliance of modern engineering skill was lavished in order to give it "a long range," a range long, long past the batteries thrown up and defended by *men*, into the very heart of the city of Charleston itself, where it carried death and destruction into many an innocent and heretofore happy household. Regardless alike of the midnight hour or

of the noonday sun, that "angel" worked its wicked will — oft-times fired by the hands of women who, forgetful alike of age, infancy, or the sisterhood of sex, deemed it a pleasant pastime to "run down to James Island," and to receive from the hands of their obsequious attendants a lighted fusee with which "to fire one gun into the heart of secession" — one gun, and with deadly aim at their own womanhood. Ask the "Swamp Angel," we say, how it answered South Carolina's mute appeal to chivalry.

But to leave war and bloodshed, and to come down to the "piping times of" so-called "peace" — did not the Southern people as a nation, when through their Generals Lee and Johnston they laid themselves, their lives, everything but their sacred honor, unconditionally at the mercy of their conquerors (conquerors not by force of arms, not by superior strategy, not by superior prowess, but by force of numbers) — prove that to them at least the noble sentiment of Sir Palamides ("forever of a man of worship a knight shall never have dis-worship") was to them a living and a present one? And are they not even now living and acting on that principle? For in spite of sudden Emancipation, in spite of that worst engine of tyranny which far-sighted malice ever imposed on a conquered people — the Freedman's Bureau — in spite also of a thousand other exactions and oppressions heaped upon them by their victors, the Southern people do not, and cannot to this day realise the full measure of the indignities they have suffered. What was their expectation after their famous and ever-to-be-lamented surrender, but to receive from the hands of their conquerors that treatment which a magnanimous foe freely accords to a vanquished opponent whom he admits to be "worthy of his steel"? To be treated as equals — equals in rights, equals in honor, equals in all but mere brute force, in short, as *gentlemen*. Had President Johnson, as was confidently expected by the Southern people, issued in the summer of 1865 his so long-

deferred and when issued utterly valueless "Amnesty Proclamation," pardoning every one without exception in the nation, from Mr. Davis down to the humblest civilian, from Gen. Lee to the lowest subaltern in the army, he would have carried with him the hearts of thousands of Southrons. But goaded as they have been by the sting of numberless acts of petty tyranny; by the persecution of their head, their exemplar, President Davis; by the presence in their midst of an armed United States force, which, like the constant chafing of a chain, continually reminded them that they were doubted, that distrusting them, their conquerors held them bound: what wonder that the estrangement between the two nations, instead of lessening, has deepened day by day, until the Southern heart has settled down to a bitterness of hatred unknown to it on that fatal day at Appomattox Court-House? The best portion, the spirit, the gentlemen of the South, have sunk into a sullen apathy; powerless to assert themselves, too proud to complain, they view from afar the pageant of government, and let the shifting scene slide before their dull gaze as though it were a weary pantomime which compelled their reluctant presence. Disintegrated as is their society, separated in their daily lives as they are by the isolation which their large estates entail upon them, individualised as they have been for generations by their habits, their manners, their social system, in one word, by slavery, which made of each master a head, a governor of himself and of his dependants, they have never acted nor felt as a unit. "*L'Etat c'est moi!*" was their ruling principle; this made them the sagacious statesmen, the able politicians, which even their enemies confessed were fit to hold the helm of state. They governed men as though it were their birth-right. Individually they were strong, but as a nation they were weak. They were a conglomeration of independent atoms, each a law unto himself. That want of unity which in a political

sense they undoubtedly lacked, it was which first subdued, and now keeps them so.

But slavery has perished; but from its ruins a new element has sprung up. That sense of individuality which formerly pervaded all ranks is slowly passing away, and in its place is gradually arising a new one, that of cohesion. The unity which the South has hitherto lacked is born of her present condition. It is yet in its infancy; but if we may venture to predict the future conduct of a nation from the character of its people, ere long an injury, an oppression, an insult offered to one member of that brotherhood of suffering will thrill through the whole Southern Confederacy as though a nerve in its quivering frame were suddenly laid bare. Its Chivalry will quicken its sense of injustice and wrong: and Chivalry ever demands a prompt redress.

It has been used as a reproach to both sides of the American people engaged in the contest during the late war, that events so stirring, through which both nations alike passed, had failed to awaken the poetic as well as the chivalric element in their breasts, and many have not scrupled to argue from thence that both were alike dead. We have, we hope, proved to the satisfaction of our readers the deathless immortality of Chivalry: it is for Time to demonstrate that of Poetry. In the words of a Southern woman, when reproached during the imminence of the war for Southern independence with the fact that though she admitted that "poetry was the natural language of excited feeling," and that though as she well knew the hearts of her countrymen were then stirred to their very depths, yet that in spite of their enthusiasm, in spite of their suffering even, no good poetry had found utterance amongst them:

Say not we have no poetry!
The nation's daily life struggling 'gainst adverse fate is in itself a
grand unwritten epic!
See yon long line of fresh-lipped boys! forth with their mothers'
prayers and blessings on their heads,

Forth they go to meet in their green youth the stern o'erwhelming
 shock of furious war!
 Hear their defiant shout as through their ranks crashes with deadly
 force the hissing shell!
 They rush to death as to a carnival; cheap their lives when laid upon
 their country's altar.

See the scarred veteran drowning the thought of home, of wife, of
 child, of household joys,
 In the stern sense of patriotic duty! What to him the camp's dis-
 comforts? Midst the pelting storm,
 Beneath the burning sun, ay, pinched with cold and starved, un-
 flinching he performs it.
 Hark to the trumpet call to arms! See the long ranks of bristling
 steel!

Rank after rank, seeming in endless lines, the foemen furious come.
 Calm he awaits them,
 Till at the word sudden a lurid light breaks like the lightning's flash
 along his serried lines;
 Then like a hoard unleashed, with yell and cheer whilst yet the
 shifting smoke
 Eddies upon the morning breeze, see, see him charge the unbroken
 steel!

Find ye no poem here?

Enter with gentle step the darkened hospital, bend o'er each couch
 of pain; it holds a wounded hero.
 Hearest thou one murmur, one regret for having thus in the full flush
 of manhood given their all
 To shield their country from the tyrant's sway? No! but from
 fevered lips rises the wish
 To be once more in the full front of battle. Eyeing his maimed limb,
 the wounded veteran
 Sighs that ne'er again in the stern crash of arms can he confront his
 country's hated foe.

See that noble matron! Smiling although her heartstrings burst the
 while,
 She bids her loved one go. Calmly she arms him for the fight, and
 with a firm endurance
 Bears the unwonted weight of wearing care brought on by his pro-
 longed absence;
 And though at times faint, weary, heartsick, and almost crushed
 beneath the unwelcome burden,
 Not one murmur, one complaint, escapes her. Cheerily she writes
 him,
 Lest some sad thought of her or of his loved ones in his distant home
 Weaken his arm when he confronts his country's hated foes.

See yon lone mourner! Of husband and of child bereft, she bears
 her grief as though it were a robe of honor;
 Looking up from out the depths of her resigned woe, she buries in
 daily care for others
 That great sorrow which else would eat and gnaw into her very
 being!
 She simply says: "I gave them to my country!" and passing on
 wears out her life
 In minist'ring to those cast by the chance of war upon a bed of pain.
 Call ye not that true poetry?

'Tis not in times like these, when what we hold most dear, our
 hopes, our passions, and our joys,
 Die in the full vigor of their manly strength, crushed by the Juggernaut of war;
 When e'en our daily lives, by suffering made sublime, rise by self-sacrifice to sacramental power,—
 'Tis not *now* that men write poetry. Our lives are poems, and in the record of brave deeds.
 Of calm endurance, of patient fortitude, the legacy of blood we leave behind us,
 Our children yet shall find their noblest poem!

Such is the record of the Southern Confederacy! "Man's noblest poem is man's bravest deed!" Its poetry of action—its brave deeds—its Chivalry shall live so long as Time has a page on which to inscribe them! She has not lived, she has not died in vain! She has shown to the modern world leaders actuated by the spirit of ancient Chivalry—leaders worthy of a seat at Arthur's Round Table with Sir Lancelot, Sir Tristram, and Sir Galahad: and the noblest epitaph which as a nation she can ask at the hands of posterity is the admission that her people were found worthy of their leaders.

Let her rest amongst the exemplars of futurity.

975.2 Z99C 1860-79 v.1 nos.1-
14 P53801

Maryland-Pamphlets

975.2 Z99C 1860-79 v.1 nos.1-14
P53801

